

YOU CAN SAVE A LITTLE LIFE

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THE EVENING WORLD FUND

FOR A SUMMER CORPS OF FREE
PHYSICIANS FOR THE POOR SICK
CHILDREN OF THE TENEMENTS.

The Evening World

NEW YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 19, 1889.

As Tall Oaks from Little Acorns Grow,
So Large Results from World "WANTS" Flow.

No. of WANTS Published in THE WORLD

LAST WEEK . . . 10,825

Same Week in 1884, 5,009

The People Want RESULTS, and Know Where to Get Them.

PRICE ONE CENT.

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LAST EDITION EXTRA NINE DEAD.

Terrible Holocaust in a Seventh Avenue Flat House.

Panic and Death Caused by an Early Morning Fire.

ANOTHER DEATH TRAP.

Proper Fire Escapes Would Have Lessened the Life Loss.

Two Men Arrested on Suspicion of Arson.

Thrilling Scenes of Peril and Noble Rescue.

Twelve Families Rudely Awakened by Smoke and Flames.

Quick Work of the Fireman, but the Deadly Heat Was Quicker.

Just on the skirts of Capt. Reilly's "tenderloin" precinct, nine men, women and little children were sacrificed this morning in a veritable fire trap.

Following is a list of the dead and injured:

DEAD.

WILLIAM GLENNON, aged sixty years;

burned to death.

Mrs. MARY WELLS, aged thirty-one

years; smothered.

JANE WELLS, aged four years; smothered.

FOFFEY WELLS, aged two years, smothered.

BERTHA LUSTIG, forty years, burned to death.

WILLIAM MCKEE, forty-seven years old, burned to death.

JANE JEFFREY, six-five years old, smothered.

NELLIE GEOGHEGAN, twenty years old, smothered.

ANNIE, Mrs. Jeffrey's servant, forty-five years old; stout; medium height; fair complexion; smothered.

WILLIAM GLENNON, Jr., eighteen years old, burned on hands and feet.

JOHN GLENNON, badly burned about the body and face.

Mr. WALES, burns about face and hands.

TWO CHILDREN of Mary Wales, nearly suffocated and slightly burned.

Sire & Sons are known all through that section of the city as real estate owners. And one of their properties is the five-story brown-stone "double-decker" tenement house known as the Mitchell Flat. It occupies the whole Seventh Avenue block, between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth streets.

No. 305 is in about the middle of the block and a stairway runs up between it and 303.

On the ground floor are stores—narrow and cheap.

Above these are doors to four tenements letting into the narrow hall on each floor.

The ground floor of 305 is or was occupied by John Snyder as a restaurant, which is open day and night.

On each of the four floors above the restaurant, which is about 15 feet wide, were two families.

They were working people who lived in the building, and they were sleeping peacefully at 5 o'clock this morning when Snyder arrived at the restaurant.

Walter Brooks, the night cook, was there. At 5.10, while Snyder was sweeping the walk and Brooks was in a closet in the rear of the building, a fire started mysteriously in the kitchen.

In five minutes it was creeping up through the tenement with stealthy but rapid pace.

Brooks re-entered the kitchen and found it so.

He rushed up through the building, knocking at every door and shouting: "Fire!

Fire! Hurry! Get out of here for your lives!"

PANIC SEIZED THEM.

The people roused from their slumbers by the startling cry ran into the halls bewildered and panic-stricken, while a number seem not to have heard the cry at all.

The firemen responded quickly to an alarm sounded by the officer on post in Seventh Avenue, but when they arrived the flames were leaping throughout the building.

Those who had not heard the alarm sounded by Walter Brooks were finally

awakened by the fire and smoke which filled their rooms.

William Glennon, a feeble man of 60 years, lived with his wife and two young sons on the first floor.

An old woman rescued by her sons.

Mrs. Glennon was also feeble, and her boys, William and John, aroused her, and taking her in their arms carried her down the stairs with much difficulty to the sidewalk and safety.

Then these brave boys returned to rescue their father. But it was too late, the fire filled their rooms and to venture in was certain death.

THE FATHER BURNED TO DEATH.

They were obliged to abandon all hope of saving their father, and, indeed, he was burned to death already.

The young men wrung their hands and ran hither and thither in an agony of grief, and had not noticed that they were badly burned about the face, hands, feet and body. They were prevailed upon finally to enter an ambulance, and were taken to New York Hospital.

An ambulance surgeon ran up through the building to the third floor.

The fire had not yet reached that floor, but the rooms were dense with smoke.

Nellie Geoghegan lodged here. She was found by the young surgeon lying in a heap on the floor near her door.

A SIBLING'S HEROISM.

He seized her in his arms and carried her down through blinding smoke, licked her and there by the tongues of flame, to the sidewalk.

BUT THE POOR GIRL DIED.

The noble fellow was greeted by cheers and huzzas by the crowd which had congregated, but his bravery had been in vain, for poor Nellie, a pretty girl of twenty years, was dead. She had been suffocated by the smoke.

By this time a score of the people who had lived in the building had reached the street.

THE SWIFTEST OF THE BLAZE SUGGESTS KEROSENE.

There was a doorway leading from the restaurant into the hallway, and the fire spent itself in the hallway, only a small amount of smoke and heat reaching the upper floor.

The tenants on the south side of the hall, over 303, were unharmed except by smoke, and the whole damage to property was about \$10,000.

Policemen Warner and McCullough stood on the corner of Twenty-eighth street, when they heard a yell of fear and pain. Looking down the avenue they beheld flames leaping from the windows of the restaurant, a flash, and in another moment the flames were issuing from the roof of the building.

There was not a head at any window, not a soul was stirring.

They dashed up the stairs, broke into the rooms, and smashed tramping windows to alarm the inmates.

ESCAPING BY WINDOWS.

Many of the people escaped by crawling along the alleged fire-escapes in front room their own windows to those of the neighboring flats, but those in the rear had no chance to escape.

The fire went out like a snuffed candle when the engines began to pump upon it.

The battle was brief, but the loss of life terrific.

Later investigation of the restaurant kitchen seems to show that a pot of grease which stood on the range had tipped or been tipped over, nobody will tell, igniting by the range fire and spreading to a floor and partitions and blazing through the stairway to the roof.

AWAKENED BY THE FLAMES.

Thomas F. McDermott, a grocer, who lives at 303 Seventh Avenue, next door to the burned tenement, said:

"I heard the noise in the street of people crying 'fire' just before 5 o'clock and jumped out of bed.

The smoke and flames were rushing past my window both in the front and rear, but there was more in the rear.

"An iron balcony in the front, on Seventh Avenue, connects my windows with those of the first floor flat in 303, and when I opened my windows I saw the Kloisters, a French family, setting out with their children.

CHILDREN SAVED.

"I took them into my room at once. They were very much frightened, and if they had remained in their rooms a few minutes more they would surely have been smothered, the smoke was so thick."

A LIST OF THE FAMILIES.

Mr. McDermott gave this list of the families living in the house:

The first apartment floor were the Glennons and the Kloisters, the latter occupying the entire floor right through.

The second floor was occupied by the McKees and the Welses, and the family of Frank Wells, consisting of his wife and four children in the rear.

The third floor tenants were a family of Joneses. Mrs. Jeffrey and her niece Nellie

and had been overpowered by the smoke. All had been suffocated.

The body of Bertha Lustig, a woman of forty years, was found in the hallway on the first floor burned almost beyond recognition, and the body of an unknown woman, stout of build, fair complexioned and comely, was found in the hallway above. She had been smothered to death.

Jane Jeffrey, an aged woman, and William McKee, aged forty-seven years, also lost their lives by the fire and smoke.

THE BODIES TAKEN TO THE STATION.

The bodies were removed to the Thirtieth Street Police Station, where they still lie.

A crowd of 200 people clusters about the entrance to the station, but no one has offered to identify the remains of the unknown woman.

TWO MEN ARRESTED FOR ARSON.

Detective Hayes was detailed by Sergt. Schmittberger to investigate the fire, and as a result of his discoveries Restaurant-keeper John Snyder and his cook, Walter Brooks, were placed under arrest at 8 o'clock this morning, the circumstances of the fire seeming to point to them as incendiaries.

Schmittberger's big frame swelled with indignation as he listened to the report of Detective Hayes, and he has not gone to bed yet. He is sitting the story of the holocaust in the bottom.

There were sixteen apartments letting into the stairway, which ran up between 303 and 305 Seventh Avenue, and some sixty persons lived in the tenement.

A DEATH TRAP.

"Why, said the bluff and indignant Sergeant, there was not a ladder attached to the fire escape at all, nor any way of getting down from an alleged fire-escape to another. That is in direct violation of the law. There was no escape for them except by way of the one stair-case."

Not only were there no ladders, but some of the escape ladders were mainly wood.

One of the first things that Detective Hayes learned was that John Snyder carried about in his pocket a policy of insurance on his goods. It was issued by the German-American Insurance Company and was for \$1,000.

"GROUNDLESS FOR SUSPICION."

There were nine tables and a few chairs in the restaurant, which was completely gutted. Snyder had been in business there for two years and the place got a fire in a mysterious way about a year ago.

When the detective reported these facts to his superior the Sergeant drew a long breath and said: "I had a hunch, but I was not sure."

He said, and the men were brought into the station.

THE TWO PRISONERS.

Snyder is a stout man of forty-five years of age, and Walter Brooks is a bullet-headed, little colored man.

Snyder said: "I was out on the walk sweeping. I left Brooks in the restaurant, and he had been out about five minutes when I called fire as I know of. We had three fires in the kitchen. There was one in the range, one under the stove for the steam table on which we kept cooked up stuff warm, and there was a fire in the boiler. Everything was all right when I went out to sweep. The one place that might catch fire was a wooden shelf over the drains."

Snyder showed his insurance policy. It would expire Sept. 25.

WHAT BROOKS SAYS.

Brooks, taken aside by an Evening World reporter, said: "I had been in the place all night. When Mr. Snyder came in everything was all right. I went out to the closet shortly after, and when I came in again the place was on fire."

"I can't tell whether Mr. Snyder went out before I did or not, but I don't see how the thing could get afire. I ran up through the building and yelled and awakened all the people I could."

"Has business been pretty good, at the restaurant?" asked the reporter.

"We have had pretty poor business," replied the cook.

SOME SAY THEY DID NOT SEE HIM.

The people who escaped from the upper floors of the building say they never saw nor heard the colored man in the hallway.

HE KEROSENE USED?

"The swiftest of the blaze suggests kerosene," remarked a policeman.

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McGeoghan and servant Annie and the McGee.

The Carya, McMichaels, Burkes and Shannons occupied the top floor.

NONE REACHED THE DOOR.

"Not a single person who escaped from the last floor," said Mr. McGee, "got out through the front door. They all went out by the roof."

WHAT ONE OF THE SAVED SAYS.

Richard Shannon, who lives with his wife and week-old baby on the top floor, said:

"I was asleep when the fire broke out. I was wakened up by the people howling in the street. I got up and opened the door and the smoke was so thick that I was nearly strangled. I ran back and woke my wife and grabbed the baby and started for the roof."

NEARLY STRANGLED BY SMOKE.

"The people in the house crowded about the last floor," said Mr. McGee, "got out through the front door. They all went out by the roof."

"I heard a man coughing on the stairway and saw him roll back out of sight."

"Several men asked when the fire broke out. I was nearly strangled. I ran back and woke my wife and grabbed the baby and started for the roof."

EVERYTHING LOST.

"My wife was taken in by Mrs. Garvey, of 393. We lost all our clothing and everything, and my wife is suffering greatly from shock."

"The fire must have been going some time before I woke up."

Mrs. Garvey corroborated this story, and told the reporter how Mr. Shannon came in from the roof barefooted carrying her babe in her arms.

Frank Burke, who lives on the fourth floor, described how he was aroused by the shouting of the tenants on the lower floors. The only other occupants of his room were his brother and a friend named Matt Coly.

"They made their way to the roof with the others who escaped."

ACTED AS A FLUTE.

The flames were rushing up between the balconies as if it had been an air shaft.

"The father, old William Glennon, did not know that his wife had escaped and he went back to look for her. His name William went to bring him out, but it was too late, and he could not get through the flames."

"I had to pull Matt Coly out of bed and drag him upstairs to the roof."

A HUSBAND'S FATAL SEARCH.

"The father, old William Glennon, did not know that his wife had escaped and he went back to look for her. His name William went to bring him out, but it was too late, and he could not get through the flames."

"I had to pull Matt Coly out of bed and drag him upstairs to the roof."

A DEAD END FOR MRS. WELLS AND HER CHILDREN.

One of the saddest incidents of the terrible fire was the death of Mrs. Wells and her two little children.

When they were aroused the father took his two children in his arms and started for the roof, as it was impossible to go downstairs.

He called to his wife to follow him with the two younger ones. The smoke was so thick that she could not see her way, and she was lost and reached the top floor he could see her nowhere.

DRIVEN BACK BY THE FIRE.

He left the two children on the roof and started for assistance, but the flames drove him up again.

The bodies of all three were found in the hallway by the firemen. They had been smothered in their sleep.

A NOBLE GIRL'S DEATH.

Miss Nellie Geoghegan, who died while trying to assist her aged aunt, Mrs. Jeffrey, to escape, was a beautiful girl of eighteen.

Several of the tenants of the house, including Frank Burke, said that the fire originated in the kitchen in the rear of the restaurant.

IT WAS INCENDIARY.

"A pot of grease on the range was upset," said Burke, "and I believe it was done intentionally. The proprietor, Snyder, was on the sidewalk and the cook was out in the morning and he always spoke to him."

There was another fire here about two years ago of just the same kind, and I believe the man only wanted to get his insurance.

The restaurant was patronized only by a low class of people.

At the corner of Twenty-seventh street and Seventh Avenue told me this morning that he often saw Snyder on the sidewalk when he went by in the morning and that he always spoke to him.

This morning he said "Good morning" to Snyder, but the latter did not notice him at all although he went by him every day.

Only a couple of minutes afterwards the flames broke out, and in an instant almost the entire restaurant was afire, front and rear. That certainly looks suspicious.

CULPABLE IGNORANCE.

At the office of Sire & Sons, the owners of the tenement-house, all information was refused as to the tenants and losses.

When asked why a building was not provided with proper fire-escapes the agent replied:

"I don't know anything about it."

Acting Capt. Nathan, the loss of life.

"The want of proper fire-escapes certainly caused the loss of life, and the failure to provide them is a clear violation of the law."

His insurance policy in his pocket.

He added that one of the most suspicious circumstances connected with the origin of the fire was the fact that when he arrested Snyder, the proprietor of the restaurant at the corner of Twenty-seventh street, the latter had his policy of \$1,000 insurance on his place in his pocket, although he claimed he had been in the building for some time.

The policy would have expired on Sept. 25.

THE FIRE MARSHAL WILL INVESTIGATE.

Both Snyder and the colored cook will be held in custody in the City Prison, and the Fire Marshal will also make an investigation on his own account.

The tenants of the building say that the smoke was very thick and seemed like that of burning grease.

Snyder says there was no grease in the kitchen at the time.

THE COOKS SIX HOURS LATE.

It was 12.30 before the attendance of a coroner could be obtained, though notice was sent to the coroner's office six hours before.

Coroner Hanly and Deputy Dounin employed a jury and appointed Monday next for the inquest.

The bodies of Mrs. Wells and her two children were carried by Mrs. Wells's brother, James, and Thomas Kelly, and taken to the home of the latter, 23 West Thirty-third street.

Charles Smith, of 360 West Twenty-fifth street, a mile and a half, was won by Duke Princess in a couple of lengths from Duke of Highlands, half a length before King Crab. Time—1:48.

GIBLIN MAY HOPE.

Mr. Howe Goes Before Judge Barrett With Alleged New Evidence.

Decision Reserved on His Application for a New Trial.

Hangman Atkinson Pays a Visit to the Condemned.

Sizing Them Up for His Professional Work on Friday Morning.

Charles Giblin, convicted of the murder of Madeline Goetz, made one last desperate effort to-day to avoid being hanged by Judge Barrett in the Tombs yard Friday morning.

William F. Howe, Giblin's counsel, acted as intercessor while his client lingered in the cage of the condemned anxiously awaiting the result.

Mr. Howe was early in Supreme Court, Chambers, this morning, and moved Justice Barrett for an order to show cause why a new trial for Giblin should not be granted.

Mrs. Giblin, the next-looking young wife of the condemned man, was in court holding one of her children by the arm.

Mr. Howe urged eloquently that he was in possession of new evidence which entirely changed the aspect of Giblin's case. This evidence, he said, was to the effect that instead of Giblin being the owner of the weapon with which the woman was killed, it was the property of Mr. Goetz, and during a struggle between Goetz and Giblin for its possession it went off.

Assistant District-Attorney Parker appeared on behalf of the people.

The new testimony, Mr. Howe added, was from Frank and Annie Nelson, sisters, who lived over the Goetz's store. Evidently was a witness on behalf of the people on the trial, but Goetz was not. The latter heard Goetz threaten Giblin's life.

She saw a man named Tony Schwab strike Giblin and fell him to the floor. He arose and his face was covered with blood, and then the struggle took place.

She heard Goetz, who denied on the trial that he owned the pistol or that he ever owned one, say after the shooting to Schwab: "Tony, have you my pistol?" Schwab, she says, replied: "Yes, I have. Here, put it in your pocket and look out for the copper" or he will take it from you.

Parker read in support of the affidavit of Maggie Goetz, to the effect that Gusie Nelson did not come into the store until fully five minutes after the shooting.

On Giblin's side Mary Jacobs made affidavit that at the time of the shooting the Nelsons always spoke of it as a most cold-blooded murder.